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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1899. NUMBER 24.

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She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 12 Sherman Street, Chicago.

SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

The literary editor of the *Inter Ocean,* who received one of the first copies of "Sermons from Shakespeare," reviews it as follows in the columns of the *Inter Ocean* of January 9:

"Sermons from Shakespeare."—By William D. Simonds. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co.) The novelty of the book is that it is a series of "sermons" (not "lectures") and texts drawn from Shakespeare, and not the Bible. The author enters upon his task reverently and with a full appreciation of the Holy Book. But he claims that it is wisdom "to embark freely upon the ocean of truth; to listen to every word of Godlike genius, as to a whisper of the Holy Ghost. Beauty, truth and love are always divine, and the real Bible, whose inspiration can never be questioned, comprises all noble and true words spoken and written by man in all the ages." Mr. Simonds makes six sermons: First, "Noble Brutus;" second, "Faithful Cordelia;" third, "Faultless Desdemona;" fourth, "Destiny-Driven Hamlet;" fifth, "Lady Macbeth." Preliminary to his sermons Mr. Simonds calls attention to the changed conditions the centuries have wrought. When the Bible alone was the standard of all there was in morals, science and government, he turns to recite the long list of illustrious names, who, having seized upon the truths of the sacred world, have lifted them up in the face of the world, have made them shine with new luster and beauty. Of the character of Brutus Mr. Simonds says: "The character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright and pure, of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of his friends, win respect and charm the heart." Says Hudson: "Brutus' great fault lies in supposing it is his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand. Here, then, we have a strong instance of a very good man doing a very bad thing, and, withal, a wise man acting most unwisely, because his wisdom knew not its place—a right noble, just heroic spirit bearing directly athwart the virtues he worships."

Another has written of Brutus: "His trouble was his head, not his heart. He intends to do the right thing—only he does not do it. He gets beyond his intellectual sphere, is befogged, and lost." Our author, upon his opening sermon, says, "Of all writers, ancient and modern, Shakespeare is most intensely human. The strength and weakness of man, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman, the virtue and vice of kings, the truth and treachery of subjects, the soul-conquering evil, the spirit sinning and doomed, each mood of joy and grief, passion and pain, laughter and tears, are all in Shakespeare." Brutus was the type of man that the world loved in his day. He had an intense love of home and country. "Patriotism was the groundwork of his character." Brutus was no coward. He loved peace, but knew there could be peace which was not blessed. He was gentle, as he was brave, and compassion and tenderness held over him a masterful force. As Antony said in his oration: "His life is gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature, aye, and God shall say to all the world, 'This is a man.'" Mr. Simonds quotes Mrs. Jamieson in opening his sermon on "Faithful Cordelia." She says: "It appears to me that Cordelia's character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone, are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakespeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. If Cordelia reminds us of anything on earth, it is one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty love," and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness, or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, her tears."

Speaking in critical comment of Desdemona, our author says: "In herself Desdemona is not more interesting than several of the poet's other characters, but perhaps none of the others is in condition so proper for developing the innermost springs of pathos. In her character and sufferings there is a nameless something that haunts the reader's mind and hangs like a spell of compassionate sorrow upon the beating of his heart." Dr. Johnson says: "The soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as I suppose it is in vain to seek in modern virtues." Then such is Hamlet. * * * *

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THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1899. NUMBER 24.

As expected, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus has been selected the successor of Mr. Hillis for the Central Church pulpit of Chicago. Dr. Gunsaulus is no untried quantity here. It would seem as though he must be the right man for the right place. His popular gifts are apparently greater than those of Mr. Hillis and his sympathies wider. He is more in touch with common life and will probably grapple more often with the perplexities of to-day, the civic problems and economic injustice than did Dr. Hillis. Dr. Gunsaulus has already inspired the generosity that has established the Armour Institute. May he be the means of opening other purses for the benefit of the common life and the commonwealth of Chicago.

In these days of great solicitude for the enlightenment of the islands of the sea and the civilization of far-away peoples it is humiliating to be reminded of the barbarism near at home and of the darkened communities that the "flag" has not yet civilized. In Illinois there seems to be a whole county, bearing the unfortunate name of "Calhoun," where the negro is not permitted. An outside contractor, constructing a bank building in the village of Hardin, took with him a faithful, law-abiding negro employe, whereupon the benighted citizens of the village of Hamburg arose in their barbaric wrath and the people of Hardin, according to a local correspondent to the Chicago *Record*, "gave way to avoid bloodshed" and advised the negro to quietly withdraw. And Illinois is the state of Elijah Lovejoy and Abraham Lincoln. Should President McKinley give all his solicitation to the Philippinos? Let not Christianity exhaust its devotions in petitioning for the enlightenment of Lutzon. Who will save Illinois and civilize Calhoun county?

Unfortunately, the day of the almanac is past in most homes, but there is a great deal of culture in an almanac, as those whose memories reach back into the rural homes of forty years ago can well testify, when Ayres' Almanac was annually looked for and held its place of honor throughout the year over the fireplace in the log house. There is interest still in an almanac, particularly in that put forth by the *World*, the great daily of New York City. Here are some four hundred and fifty pages of condensed information concerning the current affairs of the world, carefuly compiled. It is an encyclopædia of current institutions and activities, religious, political and economic statistics, with a special amount of information concerning the Spanish-American war, which engaged the attention of 1898. Some of the time wasted over the incoherent material of the daily paper might profitably be used in studying the pages of this almanac. It is a good book to have lying around the house, particularly where there are inquisitive and studious children growing up.

Chaplain Turner of the Delaware Assembly has set a precedent. He evidently is displeased with the idea now prevalent among legislatures that only "cheerful givers" deserve seats in the United States Senate. That the only foundation for six years of public service should be the basest of civic crimes, the purchase of votes. His first sermon, "Can Churches Purify Politics," so displeased Addicks assemblymen that they walked out when he prayed at his next service:

"If I have become a nuisance to men whose practices are base, then I thank God. When politics stink and the stench comes up into my nostrils I will not be gagged. Has a minister nothing to do with politics? Must he stand aside and see his state made a byword because of the doings of selfish men? He is not a piece of bric-a-brac, whose duty it is to hold service and then spend the week drinking tea with old ladies."

It is an awful arraignment of organized religion that the denominations can furnish to order, a Chadband to wink at the unblushing villainy of any public assembly, and one who will unctuously pray for the blessings of God upon the actions of machine-made criminals.

We have already noticed in these columns the vigorous handling which the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, now of Ann Arbor, gave to Lyman Abbott for encouraging ministers who have outgrown their creeds to still stay within the denominations that profess them. Mr. Crooker has recently elaborated his article still further into a plea for sincerity in religious thought, which has been published as a tract by the American Unitarian Association at Boston. The immediate incentive to this last version is the case of Professor McGiffert of the Union Theological Seminary. One will look long for a more vigorous demand for intellectual integrity than here, but the fact that the growth of religious thought, as other growths, is by evolution, and not by revolution, and that there is in religious fellowship a depth deeper than the creeds, that the creeds themselves have that within them that is profounder than their own surface statements, indicates that the last word is not said and that the whole field is not covered by Mr. Crooker's argument, though it is a tonic, and all those who beg leave to differ from him, particularly when it touches their own attitude and relation to the creed, must first reckon with their consciences on lines indicated by Mr. Crooker. If after reading this argument and facing it they still can honestly and candidly feel the call to stay, to work and to testify within the pale of the old lines, they have a right to be heard and probable grounds for respect, and may be admiration.

We are sorry to see that our neighbor, the Chicago *Post*, so far anticipates the question of the public readiness for municipal ownership of street railways by saying, "There is not a scintilla of evidence," to the support of the assumption by the member who has introduced the bill into the state Legislature looking toward such ownership. The *Post* can hardly be right when it says that "Chicago has not given the subject any thought." On the contrary, we believe that if the question could be submitted to popular vote, under a referendum clause, it would be carried by an overwhelming majority to-day. We do not understand the friends who believe in the principle but postpone the realization of the same to some far-off generation. Theodore Parker loved to say, "The earth was ready for a new truth the moment it arrived." The one way to improve our civil service is to give it a service to render that will demand civility. When the interests of all the people are at stake then all the people will watch that interest. The same majority that would assume municipal ownership would be sure to give such legislature a support as would guarantee adequate control. Again Horace Greeley's dictum applies, "The only way to resume is to resume."

American blood has been shed on Manila soil. By whom? Not by the Spaniards, whose misrule brought misery to Cuba and whose further misrule is supposed to have brought misery to the Philippinos, but by the Philippinos who are resenting a foreign power, who tutored by past experience, distrust the hand of authority that is stretched from over the seas. The Philippinos have done what we have approved of the reconcentradoes of Cuba for doing. They have done what our forefathers did at Lexington and Valley Forge. The flag that went up for humanity's sake must now, according to the conventional standards of national honor, be protected as an emblem of conquest. It is a critical moment in the history of the United States, and all lovers of republicanism, believers in the potency of love, may well pray that the reactionary wave may be stayed, that to our rulers may be given wisdom and grace to kiss the hand that smites it and to honor the foes who, taking counsel of our inspiration, have dared confront a boasted democracy with the spirit of democracy. The telegraph says that fifty or more American soldiers were laid low on Sunday morning. Let us beware lest the Sunday morning work of Dewey be undone by his own methods and that the American valor be misapplied. Never since the flag was fired upon at Sumter has there been so intense a spiritual crisis in the history of the United States as that which culminated last Sunday morning. At Sumter the friends of slavery fired upon the flag and free men knew their duty; at Manila the lovers of liberty fired upon our flag because it waved over aggressors of their soil, and free men may well hesitate as to what their duty may be in the case.

Under the careful lead of William C. Gannett, and with the coöperation of Rev. J. M. Whiton of the editorial staff of the *Outlook*, Leighton Williams of the Brotherhod of the Kingdom, Samuel T. Carter of the *Church Union* and R. Heber Newton, vice-president of the Liberal Congress, an extensive correspondence has been carried on through many months in the state of New York, looking toward the realization of what was first called a Parliament, then a Congress and now a "Conference of Religion." The work has so far progressed as to raise the ban of privacy. The original call before us is approved by over fifty ministers, representing all the denominations except the Catholic, reaching from Jew to Salvation Army. This work is so identical with our own, so instinct with the inspiration, the purpose and the method of the Liberal Congress that we print in another place the letter entire. We have waited thus far only for the assurance that the publication of it on our part would not endanger its success. Of course the timid orthodox and the rampant liberal will look with distrust upon this as upon all other attempts at unity. From our standpoint, there is not much gained by trying to secure the coöperation of either by strategy. The whole open purpose must be recognized and felt, and the strong good sense, aided by the deep thinking on the part of the comparatively few on both sides of the line of heresy, will gradually adjust themselves to the new demands. Believing that theological protestantism has well nigh had its run and that a catholicism of ethics and of love is about to set in and that it is to triumph not by theological disputation, not even by disproving the fallacies of the creeds, but by moving on and living beyond the creeds, we heartily hail this movement and will look for the outcome with interest. If this movement can do without the Congress and without UNITY, the Congress and UNITY cannot do without it. We will rejoice in its success and will be glad to report its progress. We hope it will culminate at a date sufficiently early to aid and not conflict with the meeting of the Congress of Religion, which is to be held in Boston next October.

UNITY extends its sympathy to the Rev. Spencer C. Haskin, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Chicago, who last Sunday tendered his resignation for the following reason:

"I feel that I can no longer accept the sacrifices of the noble men and women who have so loyally supported me. The constant necessity for sociables and suppers to raise money to pay my salary makes me feel that I am a pauper and dependent on charity. My sole reason for leaving this church is that I feel that the whole congregation is not supporting me, and much as I love the work here I cannot conscientiously continue in my present pastorate unless the church is placed on a sound financial basis."

Mr. Haskin is a hard-working, earnest pastor, who with his own hands helped to build the church in which they worship. It is poor consolation to the minister and small compliment to the church to learn that a dozen men interrupted his reading, that from every part of the house sobs testified to the sorrow of the people, and that immediately after the service a meeting of the congregation was held and that "many of the church men doubled or trebled their subscription in the hope of keeping their minister." This last outburst justifies the suspicion that the pastor's humiliation was not brought about so much

by the penury of his people as by the vicious system of financiering. The unpardonable meanness of the men who subscribed their minimum in direct support of the church they loved, expecting to make up the maximum by the foolish and wasteful indirection. Thousands of ministers throughout this land are being perpetually humiliated as Mr. Haskin has been, and it would be well for the cause they represent if they had the courage to do what he has done. Suppers, sociables, dances and all that are legitimate to our mind when they are maintained for their own sake and bring their own returns as amenities of life. But as means of raising money to do the legitimate work of the church they are not only a delusion and a snare, but something worse. They are a wicked waste of energy and a shameful prostitution of high causes.

"Stop My Paper!!"

HAS AN EDITOR A RIGHT TO AN OPINION?

The above exclamation is a familiar one to every editor who ventures an opinion, no matter how much the paper may carry into the home of life and inspiration, no matter how much of congenial fellowship the paper may represent on the fundamental lines of its aim. If it be a Republican paper and should express an occasional word of admiration for a Democrat, or attempt to be just to democratic principles, some Republican will promptly exclaim "Stop my paper!" If the paper be a democratic organ, and if it should halt in its party cry long enough to suggest a possible other side to its currency philosophy or a necessary mitigation of the partisan confidence, some Democrat will surely cry "Stop my paper!" UNITY has no special grievance in this direction. Through its twenty years of life the above is a familiar cry, but it has neither intimidated nor discouraged the editors. UNITY has found itself in growing sympathy with many phases of religious activities and deepening interest in many civic and economic problems. It has never affected infallibility. It has confessed to an amateur hand, but it has kept on declaring itself, and the above exclamations have corrected each other. We have succeeded in giving offense in the same number by our ultra radicalism and our hopeless conservatism. We have often displeased radical and conservative. Orthodox, Spiritualist, Unitarian, Universalist, Christian Scientist and many others have from time to time during these twenty years sent us the above loving message. During the political campaigns we have had the above greeting from gold men, because they feared we were flirting with silver, and from silver men because we failed to declare the whole counsels of God concerning the iniquity of the gold standard.

And now the last friendly word of the above nature we have received is from a good brother who thinks we are "out of our right mind" concerning the Philippinos, because, forsooth, we are "not broad enough to see that the recent war and its results is the world's progress," consequently we are "moving backward."

We have no criticism to make on all the above, brethren. The door of our subscription list, like the door of the church we believe in, is a door that swings easily both ways, and in the long run for everyone that goes out for a reason some other one will come in for the same reason. But it arouses certain questions which we will propound without answer. What are papers subscribed for, anyhow? For the purpose of quickening the mind, coming in contact with diversity of opinions and finding fellowship with certain large movements in thought and feeling; or to find our own opinions expressed for us, to find our own convictions handed back to us in familiar dress; to prolong ourselves? What is an editor for? To express his own views or to express our views for us? Is he to be more than a lay figure upon which to hang our own convictions? If so, that is the best paper that has fewest convictions and the most hesitancy in expressing them. The best editor is the best photographer who reflects just what is, with least interference with the objects photographed and the minimum of his own personality in the grouping of his subjects. Is it the most effective way to suppress an error, to withdraw the two dollars from it and to run away from the conflict of ideas? Who is the greater loser, the publisher of the paper, who loses one subscriber, or the reader of the paper, who loses that which he came to find in the first place, not simply the reflections of his own mind, not necessarily the contributions of the editorial columns, but the companionship and fellowship on certain large lines and a sense of coöperation and kinship, a consciousness of that larger self that is groped at in the words—movements, causes, associations, society, church, the state?

We may be "out of our right mind," but we would send our greeting if we only could to the brother who has disfellowshipped us on account of our sympathy with the Philippinos, who are trying to do what our forefathers did, establish for themselves a free government. And in all candor we confess to the readers left us that we will in the future, as in the past, probably write our mind when we know it, express our feelings when we have them and try to discover a fellowship, not only with those who agree with us, but with those who differ from us, a fellowship based on a desire to enlarge one's field of vision by hearing all sides and learning to discover the unity of motives under the diversity of opinions.

The White Man's Burden.

Kipling's Parody.

It is a pity that Mr. Kipling should have done this last piece of opportunist doggerel. It has in it some of the striking strength of descriptive touch that is possessed by his better work, but as a "Missionary Hymn" jingle, conceived in jingo blindness, it is but a poor parody of the original.

When we are called upon to take up the white man's burden we take it to mean England's burden. The burden of close confines and teeming population, dependent upon outside colonies for outlet and food supply.

That we have no such burden forced upon us is evident by a glance at the map, and eloquently put, if we but travel in our own domain.

But how has England carried the burden, among the "Silent the Sullen" peoples? The United States was settled by England and under English auspices. The silent, sullen Indians are not raised to manhood. They are gone because the "burden" of the white man was a covetousness for land.

The "half demon, half child" people of Australia—they have known the white man's burden, and only a rare menagerie-prized thrower of the boomerang remains to tell of the uplift of his people.

The brave black people of South Africa, they, too, know of the white man's burden, and the squares of British musketry and the machine gun can tell you more of the uplift of Zulu and Mashona than can priest or school teacher. The white man's burden forced the opium war on China that the tribute-paying commerce of India might not be interfered with, and millions of drugged Chinamen have beatific visions of the white man's mission.

The white man's burden has been to overrun and occupy the land where climate and soil were favorable to his existence, with the obliteration, as civic factors, of the brown, yellow, red or black man who got in the way. If labor was scarce it was kidnapped and imported, and the same pious arguments called slavery the white man's burden, a necessary policy for the salvation of souls residing under skins with more pigment.

It is only in lands unhealthy to white men where England's burden has differed from this policy. In India, for instance, it was to loot temples, to tax a patient people into poverty deeper than they had formerly known, to despise and trample on the customs and institutions made sacred to the people by the long centuries, and in the disgrace of their women to inflict upon them a race of beings half devil and half white.

Surely it is not the Kipling who wrote "Plain Tales from the Hills" who will presume to defend the outrages visited on the natives of India under the plea of a white man's burden?

It is pure, unadulterated selfishness that has driven England into colonizing and holding so much of the world's surface. Woe to the people that occupy the land coveted by the lion. The diseases of civilization have rotted their bones. The white man's alcohol has stolen away their sense, and where the land was habitable to the white they have not even been permitted to burrow beneath it or to climb trees above it.

If in some isolated cases England has for selfish ends tried to do some good to those of conquered races left after the smoke of battle has blown away we can only suspend judgment and wait to see how it will all turn out. Kitchener made not a man, but a soldier, of the Egyptian—to conquer the Soudan for England. He took up the white man's burden and carried it nobly.

Our Indians attest how well we have carried our end of the load. The Mexican war also speaks volumes for our fidelity to the Saxon ideal. The Sandwich Islanders will not find us remiss. Let Mr. Kipling wait until the last dervish is dead, until the subjection or extermination of the South African blacks is complete, until the last boomerang is thrown and the last Maori or Papuan has picked the last human femur before he come among us and prate of the white man's burden.

The true burden of the white man is to civilize himself, to bring fair play into his economic and civic life. To be decent, self-respecting and law-abiding at home. To outgrow greed and undeserved poverty. To despise falsehood and theft. When he has carried that burden to its resting place he will not so eagerly seek jobs of robbing his dark-skinned neighbor with or without the pretext of carrying civilization ahead.

The grim march of the white man has been marked by the wrecked hopes and the bleaching skeletons of the dark-skinned races. Perhaps that is evolution, perhaps it is the survival of the fittest. It is horrible enough in any event. But heretofore it has not been covered with the added ignominy of mealy-mouthed hypocrisy. A plague on Mr. Kipling in his latest rôle of opportunist doggerel-monger.

Candlemas.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.—Prov. xx, 27.

Shine out, O candle of the Lord,—man's spirit pure and true!
With light of faith the mountains move; reveal life's larger view.
Shine out, O candle of the Lord, illume life's darkened way,
Guide thou to paths of truth that shine with light of perfect day.
Shine out, O candle of the Lord, where lurks Temptation's snare,
Shed light of wisdom, light of love, and saving light of prayer.
Shine out, O candle of the Lord, on mounts of vision high,—
Transfigure lowly life of earth with God and heaven nigh.
Shine out, O candle of the Lord, where'er life's path is trod,
Through pastures fair or shadowy vale, lead on the sons of God.

E. F. C.

New Wine in Old Bottles.

There is a process at present going on in the religious world which it is difficult to accurately designate; it may be either growth or fermentation—possibly both are the same in one sense. The new wine of truth is causing breaks and schisms in the old receptacles. But I do not care to perform any feat of exegetical gymnastics. It is my desire to speak of the broadening of certain religious ideas, a process going on about us which, although not admitted by some pulpits to be a broadening process, and simply tolerated by others, yet vitally concerns the welfare of man. It is a common remark that there is less religious intolerance now than a few years ago. A sort of truce has been declared whereby a man may love his neighbor somewhat, and invite him to his fireside, even if he does profess a different belief. Tolerance is better than the unrelenting prejudice of bigotry, but that should not cause any sacrifice of a sturdy fidelity to one's honest convictions. Men tolerate what it is impossible for them to get the better of or remove. But it often conceals bitter hatred and the most insidious persecutions. Because my religious beliefs differ from another man's I will not for that reason permit him to patronize me. His implied condescension is the assumption of his own superiority. One can appreciate a person who, in thinking another's opinions are false and erroneous, will, in his trust in the infinite wisdom, leave the issue with God. And one has more respect for such a person than one who keeps his hands off another while he smiles upon him, simply because he fears the stigma the expression of his deepest thoughts would bring. The fact is that the Jew has a right to be a Jew, the Catholic a Catholic and the Protestant a Protestant, because it is inalienable, it goes with his manhood, and not for the reason that another man or sect suffers it. One need not, then, juggle words, when he has the right to squarely state his own convictions.

There are certain expanding processes going on regarding religious ideas, whether or not they are receiving the concilatory tolerance of certain pulpits, or rousing them from lethargy to rebuke.

The expression of a man's religion will be as broad as his experience, and will widen as his experience ripens. This must form his sacred literature. Religion is born out of the needs of the heart of man and must grow as the heart makes its demands. A man's God will be as large as his heart requires, and his relation to his fellows likewise. These expressions and heart demands may, or may not, have the sanction of ecumenical council, synod or presbytery, but that is not vital.

I do not mean to speak lightly of any image, set of words or ceremonies that have thrilled the heart of man, furnished strength to his faltering steps or quickened his conscience, in this or any preceding generation. They are sacred and should be given their true historic value. But we must not permit them to blind our eyes to what is going on about us, or shut our

hearts to our own deep experiences. It is well to understand why the fetish worship prostrated himself before his wooden stock or his sculptured stone. It is good to comprehend why the Hebrew parchments became the very finger-marks of God, and why once men needed a three-personed Deity; but their needs may not be ours. The first fact that forces itself upon us, whether tolerated or admitted, is the expanding conception of a sacred literature. The heart of man has had a deep and broad experience, and our poets have given it expression. Instead of a single revelation through one holy book, we find the range is wide and long. Joined to the grand and true music of the Hebrew scrolls are the faint notes of prayers from the devout souls of Assyria, penitential psalms and songs of praise of which the Hebrew may be only the echo. Blending in harmony with the hymns of the children of Israel are the sacred petitions from the Zendavesta and Egyptian supplications to Osiris. All these and others swell the mighty chorus. But, beyond that, the world's sacred literature is growing, it is broadening with the growing heart of man. Our hymns and psalms and prayers reach from David to Dante and from Dante to Kipling. Our poets and seers have sung their songs and uttered their prophecies. They reach from Isaiah to Shakespeare and Browning, down to Longfellow and Tennyson; from Wordsworth to Bryant, Milton to Matthew Arnold, Bunyan to Hawthorne, Victor Hugo to Tolstoi; from Thomas á Kempis to Coleridge; from Jeremy Taylor to Beecher, Lessing to Martineau, Luther to Theodore Parker; from Plato to Emerson, Aurelius to Amiel; from Goethe to Whittier—an incomplete and unending list of spiritually visioned men.

This expanding conception of a sacred literature does not detract from the value of the Bible. It gives it to us as literature in the "Modern Readers' Bible," sounding with truer note and deeper message the struggles, prayers and experiences of a people who had a passion for righteousness. Instead of remaining a magical medicine book, it takes its rightful place at the head of that optimistic literature of the world which, among all people and in all times, is sacred. This is expanding to the growing needs of man's heart.

There is also an expanding conception of God's fatherhood. Once a tribal God, or gods, of wood or stone, sufficed men. As moral consciousness increased it gave birth to the national God—Yahwe of the Hebrews. God, the father, grew out of man's necessity. As man's heart is growing broader, one by one the limitations of God's love are being removed. From a national God it increased to a father of the elect in all nations—so Calvin thought. But as knowledge has widened, the thousands who have lived and died have thronged before the imagination of man and the expanding of God's fatherhood has gone on until to-day we are beginning to see that God, as the loving father of all men, is the only ultimate conclusion the moral nature of man can accept. A man's conception of God must not contradict his ideal of fatherhood. And this necessity is reaching its result, not because any pulpit is tolerating it, but because the heart of man is demanding it. The idea of a limited love of the Almighty Father is becoming inadequate, repulsive and intolerable. A father who rejects any of his children and loves a few is not only stultifying to the intellect, but degrading to the moral nature. This truth, like a ray of light, is dawning upon the moral consciousness of the race, viz.: that a father must own his relation to his offspring heretofore now and forever. Logic is the morals of the intellect and morals the logic of the heart. God can bring no illegitimate children into being; his absolute perfection forbids the conception, logically and morally. Jesus taught that a man love his enemies. We have a right to demand this of the being we seek to worship—that God love his enemies. And less than that is asked when we assert that a father love his children. It is the logic of absolute fatherhood or that of positive atheism; there is no rightful logical or moral middle ground. For centuries we have brooded upon our responsibility as moral creatures; now we are asking that God assume the responsibility of his creation. If at any time he ceases to be a father, then he is no longer God, and Christ was in error. This measureless love of God is already moving some pulpits toward the certainty of conviction. God is growing larger because man's heart is.

There follows from this expanding conception of God's fatherhood a corollary—man's sonship. Sonship can no longer be limited to the birth in the manger at Bethlehem. If God is our father, then we must be his sons. If we become his sons by any other process than Jesus then we cannot be Christlike. Sonship is not limited to a single person—the Christ of Nazareth. We all bear a spiritual relationship as sons to the Eternal Father. Nothing else satisfactorily explains our moral natures, accounts for our nobler ideals and the greater purpose beating beneath the things we are. Jesus was more conscious of that relationship than we, surer of it, affirmed it with conviction. But as we grow like him we begin to believe in our sonship. We differ from him in the conscious realization of that relationship. From the sonship of one we see the idea expanding to the sonship of all—hence the God-likeness of all. The moral germ is breathed into each one of us. In some it is in a state of arrested development, in others budding and blossoming; in Christ it reached the full earthly flower.

Another idea is expanding which depends upon the preceding relationship of fatherhood and sonship. It is brotherhood. Once this was limited to the sons of Abraham. It has expanded in some places to the vague and changing lines of sect and denomination—if you know what they are. But there is a fermentation going on that is apt to break up any bottles that cork up a monopoly of brotherhood, in churches, fraternities or nations. What is stirring at the heart of our social life? It is the soul of man asserting itself and accepting the logic of its own convictions.

Some people are apparently afraid of the study of sociology and the term "socialism." Let us call it brotherism. Christ expressed it as "Love they neighbor as thyself." Human kind are awakening to their own relationship. Because we are brothers and sons of God, we feel stirring within us the God-purpose and potency—the self-assertive morality. All human institutions must be measured by this power sooner or later, from the church to the foulest brothel of the back streets! The new wine of brotherhood is being poured into the old bottles of limitation; if they cannot hold it, let them burst! This expanding idea of brotherhood is solidifying righteousness, increasing the desire for service and deepening the sense of mutual responsibility. It turns the searching God-light of the heart upon the conscienceless one in the alley or the counting room. It lashes with scorn the irresponsibles hovering around the bar of justice or the bar that deals out stupefying intoxicants.

These growing, these hopeful signs of the times, are the blossoming of man's religious nature, and religion must ever live to save and to consecrate.

A sacred literature, man's conception of God's fatherhood, of his own sonship and of his brotherhood, will be as large as the needs of his soul demand. A man's God will be large as his heart. That these ideas are expanding is not because this pulpit or that is tolerating or preaching or denouncing them, but because they are the fundamental longings of a man's religious nature, and a man's religion will be as broad and pure as the needs of his nature require. Sacred

literature is not an artifice of the eternal, but the expression of the highest, holiest aspirations beating in the heart of the race. The universal fatherhood of God, man's sonship and man's brotherhood, are not fictions, but the deepest intuitions of man's soul. All these ideas will continue to expand and grow until they reach their full measure, as surely as the waters of the flowing streams fill the sea or the last atom of matter is caught in that stupendous force which keeps our whirling sphere and the distant circling stars in eternal adjustment; and this, not because of tolerance or intolerance, but because it is the law of the life of God fulfilling itself in the growing life of man.

Rutland, Vt. GEORGE ELIOT COOLEY.

Present Teaching of the Brahmo-Somaj.

Sunday morning I heard a "missionary" sermon! Most of those previously listened to, in Japan, China and India, have been preached by Christian missionaries before pagan audiences. But this one was preached by a missionary from a "pagan" country before a Christian congregation. He is a very cultured "pagan," however, just as some of the most devoted and life long friends I have had in the far East have been.

Mr. B. B. Nagarkar, of the Brahmo-Somaj, who preached the sermon, is a gentleman whom I visited three years ago in his home in Bombay, and whose oriental surrounding were similar to those of the Calcutta apostle of the Brahmo-Somaj, whom I visited nearly twenty years before. The latter interview I reported for the readers of the *Evangelist* under the title of a "Chat with Keshub Chunder-Sen."

Nagarkar's missionary sermon, delivered here in Rockford, is supplementary to the doctrinal exposition given to me by Chunder-Sen in Calcutta, only it is quarter of a century further along the line of eclectic development. In the interview with the real founder of the Brahmo-Somaj I was accompanied by Mookerjeè, a converted Brahmin, who said to me as we walked homeward that brilliant as were the intellectual teachings of the Somaj, he personally believed that pure Hindooism, with its altars, sacrifices, washings, trinitarian worship and religious rites, was a better preparation for Christianity (like Judaism) than the mystical "generalizations" of the Brahmo-Somaj. But Hinduism never presented the Christian world with such an apostle as Chunder-Sen, whose visit to England created a marked era in missionary circles. An address he delivered in Egypt, returning to India in 1869, was republished widely on the continent and in America. I read it while a student under Merle d'Aubigué in Geneva, Switzerland, and determined to see the man who uttered it if I ever had the opportunity. In 1875 this wish was gratified, and Chunder-Sen received me with all the grace and dignity of an oriental prince, dressed in his immaculate white robes, while at his feet were seated a dozen dusky and white-turbaned disciples from the Madras Presidency. In the hall and on the stairway of his Calcutta home were framed pictures of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Socrates and Plato, while his library contained many of the standard works in English literature. His English conversation was almost classical in style, his open countenance and straightforward earnestness were impressive, and in listening to him one felt face to face with a born prophet, destined to lead a great reform of spiritual regeneration in India. But he died in 1884.

The place of worship, or "church," of the Brahmo-Somaj was a neat chapel to which access was readily granted me. It contained a marble pulpit, seats, pews and hymn books. In 1896 I called on Moozoomder, the successor of Keshub Chunder-Sen (but very different in appearance), whose house adjoins the one occupied formerly by his predecessor. On this occasion I was accompanied by Darmapala, who so ably represented Buddhism at the World's Parliament of Religions. His bright yellow priestly robes attracted much attention as we rode together through Calcutta. He chatted pleasantly with Moozoomder in English in regard to some of Dr. John Henry Barrows' suggestions pertaining to the Paris Parliament of Religions next year. In Nagarkar's home in Bombay the English language was, as it is everywhere, the channel of communication, a sort of prelude to Anglo-Saxon "expansion."

The same fact is illustrated here, as Nagarkar, with fine presence, extemporaneous speech and the choicest English, delivered before an attentive audience his "missionary sermon." He stood beside the table and surveyed a congregation as they sung from a leaflet. "Inspiration," as a source of religious knowledge, was the speaker's theme. Religion teaches us that knowledge of God comes to us through incarnation, through miraculous appearances, through special inspirations to special men, and through sacred scriptures handed down from one generation to another. Philosophy teaches us that knowledge of God is to be sought through the light of reason. Hinduism holds, in common with Christianity, a belief in incarnation, sacrifice, sacred books and solemn religious ritual.

The Brahmo-Somaj believes in accepting truth at first hand, and not second-hand. We hold there are three channels through which a knowledge of God may be attained. These channels are fundamental, as old as man himself, and reach to the primitive fountain-head of truth. They are: 1st, The Light of *Nature;* 2d, The Lessons of *History;* and 3d, The Voice of *Conscience.*

The *Light of Nature* means more to the contemplative oriental than it appears to mean to the western people, who frequently leave their Sabbath services and spin on their "wheels" through the country, without realizing, however, that the earth, the trees, the sky and the bird songs in the air constitute together a vast cathedral, with a thousand lines of communication leading you to God. Nature has a continual chorus of voices, soul lifting and heart inspiring, to him who has time to listen and a mind attuned to an inward religious repose. That "the heavens declare the glory of God" is a discovery we may all make, and that the "Lilies of the field" are worth considering, and the "falling sparrow" has its lesson, are as fresh truths to-day, and as accessible to all as ever. If we could but train our inward and outward vision to read nature more spiritually we would not be so utterly dependent upon special revelations.

The *Lesson of History* is also a channel of communication with God. For History is Providence. It is not a mere record of facts; of men who were born and who died; of nations who fought and won. It is God working out His own plans in His own world, using men and nations to accomplish His own ends. Studied reverently and in this light, History is a revelation of what God is doing, has done and probably will do. History is God in man, working through human instrumentalities, using each nation for some specific end, all people being "chosen people" to carry out a divine purpose. We are not saved individually, so much as we are saved to a broader comprehension of what God is doing *now* for all mankind.

Finally, the inner *Voice of Conscience* is a channel of communication with God. Call this inner voice what you will, it is something different from *self*. That "*thou*" within you is not your voice; otherwise you could still it. What is it, then, but the voice of God?

Is not this "inspiration?" Are you not near enough to God to "hear His voice?" Nay, is not this "*incarnation?*" God within you! So do we believe in incarnation, the dwelling of God, not in one individual ex-

clusively, but in all souls capable of receiving Him. Not in our people, or chosen class, but in all nations apprehending God, through as many ways as He has purposes.

When we are asked what we gain by our belief in this universality of God's love and care, and of an incarnation doctrine broader than that of our brethren, we reply: We escape sectarianism, we escape strife, we escape intellectual selfishness, we escape the religious pride that counts ourselves better than our fellows. We gain charity, we gain inward peace, we gain a broader fellowship. We are conservative, in that we hold to that which is good. We do not hold to *all* that the past hands down to us, but we hold to the lesson taught and the truth interpreted. We believe in *Inspiration*. We believe that prophets and relious teachers in all ages were inspired, and the sacred books, too; but we believe that inspiration equally good exists to-day, and that without leaning too much upon the past—but helped only by its lessons—we may trust to this threefold channel of communication with God.

By this, the oldest method, we attain truth at first hand, and not "second-hand!"

The Brahmo-Somaj, springing indigenously from the soil of India, aims boldly to overthrow idolatry, to destroy priestly fanaticism, to abolish the curse of *caste*, to reform child betrothals and early marriages, to rescue millions of child "widows" from the worst form of social slavery, and to inculcate principles of morality, integrity, brotherhood and a spiritual apprehension of the Fatherhood of God, infinitely above the heathen system by which it is surrounded. The way in which it has rescued scores of helpless Hindoo children from an existence worse than death is alone sufficient to commend it to our sympathy and co-operation. Men who *believe* differently from our "orthodox" selves may do a great and good work which may possible eclipse the efforts of some who are "sound in the faith." Nay, more, it is not impossible that they, with the light they possess, are divinely called, even as God said of Cyrus (Isaiah xlv:5), "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." . . . "I have even called thee by thy name." Or, as St. Paul said (Acts xvii:23), "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." Even the altar to the "*Unknown God*" seems to have been accepted for its *motive* if not for its creed, and this fact may be a comfort in our own day. "Ignorantly worshiping" is better than infidelity and atheism, for at least it is *on the right track*. If Paul and Isaiah recognized good in the twilight of faith we can afford to do the same. Especially when the *practical* aims of the Brahmo-Somaj are of the highest and purest order and accomplish what aliens cannot do.

Rockford, Ill. PROF. E. WARREN CLARK.

A Wish.

My life has climbed to its topmost steep;
I see the slopes on the downward side;
I have seen my sea at its fullest tide
And watched the darkling waters creep,
Out to the deep, where a dreamless sleep
Waits whatever has lived and died.

And I backward throw one line of prayer,
A frail thread over the ways I've trod,
That the valley glooms and the thorny sod,
And the desert's burning paths of care
Change to the gleam of pastures fair,
Under your step as you climb to God.

—*The Silver Cross.*

To serve the state honorably and with usefulness is a righteous ambition. But to serve it for gainful purposes, to one's own financial enrichment, is no more a laudable desire than a wish to serve it as a convict in the penitentiary.

Good Poetry.

Gathering Song of Donald the Black.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glens, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

Sir Walter Scott.

The Daffodils.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.

"That which a man does is the photograph of his heart. That which he says is too often the mask of his intention."

Curiosities of Literature.

It is of interest to look back to the great debating over states rights and read again the words of the Titans who figured in those day of the Senate. Hayne, the state patriot; Webster, the advocate of the nation, and Calhoun, the unanswerable logician. The logic of necessity was stronger than the reasoning of Calhoun, and, as Lincoln afterward argued, secession might have been carried to anarchy. The answer which could not be given Calhoun in debate was given by the common sense of the union as embodied in Lincoln.

But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest, a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half of twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if acting on these high motives—if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in Southern character, we would be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence; who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, who would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty?"

Robert Young Hayne.

Liberty and Union Inseparable.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below: nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children; beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment, nobody can see where its population is the most dense and growing, without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that ere long the strength of America will be in the Valley of the Mississippi. Well, now, sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting that river in two, and leaving free States at its source and on its branches, and slave States down near its mouth, each forming a separate government? Pray, sir, let me say to the people of this country, that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free States north of the River Ohio. Can anybody suppose that this population can be severed, by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What would become of Missouri? Will she join the arrondissement of the slave States? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected, in the new republic, with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it, I have utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up this great government! To dismember this glorious country! To astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government or any people! No, sir! no, sir! There will be no secession! Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

Daniel Webster.

Citizens Directly Answerable to Their Respective States.

I will not proceed to state some of the results which necessarily follow from the facts which have been established.

The first, and, in reference to the subject of this communication, the most important, is, that there is no direct and immediate connection between the individual citizens of a State and the General Government. The relation between them is through the State. The Union is a union of States as communities, and not a union of individuals. As members of a State, her citizens were originally subject to no control but that of the State, and could be subject to no other, except by the act of the State itself. The Constitution was, accordingly, submitted to the States for their separate ratification; and it was only by the ratification of the State that its citizens became subject to the control of the General Government. The ratification of any other, or all the other States, without its own, could create no connection between them and the General Government, nor impose on them the slightest obligation. Without the ratification of their own State, they would stand in the same relation to the General Government as do the citizens or subjects of any foreign state; and we find the citizens of North Carolina and Rhode Island actually bearing that relation to the Government for some time after it went into operation; these States having, in the first instance, declined to ratify. Nor had the act of any individual the least influence in subjecting him to the control of the General Government, except as it might influence the ratification of the Constitution by his own State. Whether subject to its control or not, depended wholly on the act of the State. His dissent had not the least weight against the assent of the State, nor his assent against its dissent. It follows, as a necessary consequence, that the act of ratification bound the State as a community, as is expressly declared in the article of the Constitution above quoted, and not the citizens of the State as individuals; the latter being bound through their State, and in consequence of the ratification of the former. Another, and a highly important consequence, as it regards the subject under investigation, follows with equal certainty; that, on a question whether a particular power exercised by the General Government be granted by the Constitution, it belongs to the State as a member of the Union, in her sovereign capacity in convention, to determine definitely, as far as her citizens are concerned, the extent of the obligation which she contracted; and if, in her opinion, the act exercising the power be constitution, to declare it null and void, which declaration would be obligatory on her citizens. In coming to this conclusion, it may be proper to remark, to prevent misrepresentation, that I do not claim for a State the right to abrogate an act of the General Government. It is the Constitution that annuls an unconstitutional act. Such an act is of itself void and of no effect. What I claim is the right of the State, as far as its citizens are concerned, to declare the extent of the obligation, and that such declaration is binding on them—a right, when limited to its citizens, flowing directly from the relation of the State to the General Government on the one side, and its citizens on the other, as already explained, and resting on the most plain and solid reasons.

I propose to show by what the Union cannot be saved.

It cannot, then, be saved by eulogies on the Union, however splendid or numerous. The cry of "Union, Union—the glorious Union!" can no more prevent disunion than the cry of "Health, health—glorious health!" on the part of the physician, can save a patient lying dangerously ill. So long as the Union, instead of being regarded as a protector, is regarded in the opposite character, by not much less than a majority of the States, it will be in vain to attempt to conciliate them by pronouncing eulogies on it.

John Calhoun.

Out Doors.

Down the back streets of New Haven jogged the thick-skinned, balky old horse dragging a hearse-like vehicle full of dogs, while on the seat sat that paragon of all New England pot-hunters, and with him a very extremely grown man, a senior from college. Out of the elm-shaded streets across the inlet from the Sound and out into the delicious autumn air we went, while the dogs fought in the box behind us and the old horse stopped at every rise of the road. We were fast friends, "Stoney" and I, and he was taking me to his best "grouand," where there were quail and "patridge" and woodcock, in stubble and swamp and "parsture." We had a contract whereby I furnished food and incidentals, of which he required quite a liberal measure per day, and paid all necessary moneys for board and keep, and he, on his part, furnished horse and wagon and dogs. When the day was over we divided our birds evenly and our peace was never broken.

How that autumn foliage comes back to mind. The stone fences, the birches, the black, tumble-down houses in the back country. The beautiful little lakes with pine trees around them, the rye patches out in the woods and the stray apple trees that lost their way home—these come over the invisible wires of memory. The country once fought over and disputed with Indians, bears and panthers; the lands whence came the men who manfully wrangled with George III has sunk below the margin of cultivation and is the home of the charcoal burner, peace to his ashes. But the autumn comes and goes and first growth and second growth and all succeeding growths are beautiful in the alchemy of frost, and though we may not know it, "patridge" and quail are nowadays but lures to tempt one out into the joys of the air.

At dark we reached the home of a charcoal family. They were housed in a great building which bespoke the relative prosperity of seventy-five years ago. They were not particularly agreeable people. The frugal instincts of New England had been fortified by too much contact with actual want. The stone crop had not been harvested for years in the fields and they could not raise much else in the wretched soil if they tried. The woman was hatchet-faced, vigorous and effective, with a continual query in her manner of how much the entertainment was worth. The man was deaf to all sounds but the high screeches of the children and had been reduced to a due sense of his rheumatic insignificance by his capable wife. The oldest son was evidently the prop and stay of the business, with a wheezy voice, ruined by the fumes of his pits, and there was a series of bedraggeld younger children, who knew little of soap and less of the other amenities of civilized life. The hired man never looked anyone in the face, but sat away in a dark corner and tried to read an old newspaper. "Stoney" informed me he had just been acquitted of the charge of having killed a man and burned him up in a charcoal pit, and that although the evidence wasn't conclusive everybody believed in his guilt.

Of the whole family the oldest son was the only hopeful symptom, and long ere this, if the duty of providing for his family has not held him down, he will be found somewhere in the western country making his way over the roads, blazed out by his energetic relatives of earlier migrations.

After a breakfast of fried eggs and salt pork and green tea "Maw" said to "Marthy," "Ask your paw if he knows where there is any game." So Marthy obediently screamed the query and paw slowly meandered out by the well-sweep, and, waving his hand, remarked in passionless monotone which would have done a Buddhist image proud, "They used to be daown in that swamp when I was a boy." Strange to relate, they were there, and plenty of them, and a great day's shoot we had—one that beat all local records. We reached the house for supper, and as we left, feeling that our bill was not adequate to our entertainment, I called the smallest and dirtiest child, and, with a benignant smile, presented it with a dollar. Alas! for good intentions. The child immediately carried the "plunker" to the beaming mother, who said, "Go give the gentleman a nice kiss."

Ugh!!

WILLIAM KENT.

The Study Table.

Modern Reader's Bible.*

Here are five more volumes of Prof. Moulton's series of books devoted to the literary appreciation of the Bible. They are all that they attempt to be and they are nothing more. They have no critical value. There is only the faintest reflection here and there of the great studies of the master critics. Indeed, when Prof. Moulton writes of Deuteronomy as the storm center of Old Testament criticism, one is tempted to ask, Has he read any recent criticism? Deuteronomy was the storm center fifty years ago. Now its date is generally agreed upon, and the storm center has passed to the Priestly Document. Prof. Moulton's treatment of Deuteronomy as oratory is, I think, an example of his passion for distinguishing things that do not differ so much as he would fain believe. His pigeonholes are many and some of them are labeled doubtfully. To his "Sonnets" in these volumes, as in former ones, I particularly object.

But for enhancing the literary significance of the Bible these little books are admirably conceived and carried out. It is wonderful the difference Prof. Moulton's arrangement sometimes makes. Fancy Shakespeare's plays printed solid, without any indication of the different parts! Some of the Bible books, in their ordinary presentation, are quite as bad as that, and Prof. Moulton has reformed them altogether, sometimes, perhaps, with a too daringly ingenious hand, but in the main he has shown a marvelous fitness for the work, and it might have waited a hundred years for another to bring to it his enthusiasm and judgment and patience, and do it so well.

The collection of Luke's writings (?)—the Gospel and Acts—with Paul's letters, is well enough, so, too, that of the writings commonly ascribed to John; but generally, in the New Testament arrangement, the difficulty presented by the necessity of bringing all the matter within the limits of four volumes, each tolerably coherent, has been too much for Prof. Moulton's successful mastery.

The volume of "Biblical Masterpieces" is one of a series not yet completed. Its arrangement obviates the criticisms invited by some of the other volumes. To those who cannot afford to buy the whole series of the "Modern Reader's Bible" it should be thrice welcome—this volume and its successors, three in all. Most admirable, too, the "Children's Series" of "Bible Stories," of which we have here the Old Testament part, while a companion New Testament volume is yet to come. Nothing could be better than the volume already in hand for Sunday-school work, given a competent teacher. The pitfalls of the complete versions are here nicely filled in.

But I cannot exaggerate my regret that these volumes were not prepared with a critical knowledge and sincerity equal to their literary skill. So much of criticism as is "the consensus of the competent" would take nothing from the literary value of Prof. Moulton's work, while it would add to it a world of clear, intelligence and sound appreciation. As it is, Prof. Moulton has done much to confirm misapprehensions that did not need his furtherance or support. J. W. C.

* St. John, St. Luke and St. Paul, two parts: Biblical Masterpieces; Bible Stories; Old Testament. Each volume cloth, 16 mo., 50 cents. Macmillan Company.

The Pulpit.

An Art Interpretation of the Life of Jesus.

A STUDY OF THE TISSOT PICTURES.

A sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, February 5, 1899.

Because I believe that the supreme interests of society, as well as of the individual, are the interests of religion and morals, and that the church as the school of morals and a corporate expression of the religious feeling is central, I believe that it becomes its duty to seize every occasion that may be offered by the exigences of trade, art or politics to enforce its lessons and fasten new interests upon its problems. It is not only the preacher's privilege, but his duty, to lay hold of every occasion that stirs public attention and arouses public interest, whether that occasion comes through the success of the artist, the author, the musician or the actor, for all the arts are the hand maidens of morals, the servants of religion. This pulpit does not go out of its way, but uses the material thrown in its way, when it tries to apply the lesson offered now by the dramatist, again by the poet, the novelist and the artist.

The Art Institute of Chicago is perpetually a contributor to the spiritual life of this city. Its work is a standing ministry of religion, and in taking note of its passing features let no one understand me as implying that its permanent ministry and fixed treasures are not, after all, its most valuable contributions to the better life of Chicago. I am glad of the passing collections, and Chicago owes more than it knows to the wise management and persistent support of the generous few for the treasures that have been secured to us for occasional study and passing attention. When we remember the marvelous awakening, the spiritual quickening that has come to thousands of the citizens of Chicago in these last years through the visit of Millet's Angelus, the great canvasses of Vereshchagin, Munkacsy and De Monvil, over 47,000 people came to see this last collection, we realize the incalculable debt we owe to the Art Institute of Chicago. But when we think of the quiet, steady stream of life that goes in and out through the galleries of the Art Institute, to be touched by the power and charm of what is always there; the exhaustless riches of those antique casts that speak for the resources and power of the classic world, the many beautiful pieces of modern statuary retained here by the World's Fair that have found permanent lodgment in the corridors of the Art Institute; French's Angel of Death, the Millet, Breton and Dupré pictures, the quiet restfulness of the Dutch collections that are always there, we fall back upon the primal condition of thankfulness, the thought that soul is enriched by the constant privileges rather than by the occasional advantages of life. During the year the average attendance at the three free days in the week has been about 2,000 per day, while the paid days reaches an average of 400 per day.

While holding to this, I consider it still an opportunity not to be lost to try to find a sermon this morning from the famous collection of pictures on exhibition for a few days in the galleries of the Art Institute. I refer, of course, to Tissot's pictures, entitled "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," a collection of nearly five hundred pictures, upward of three hundred and fifty of them careful, skillful attempts at expressing in terms of art New Testament incidents. They are, in short, an attempt to present the Gospel story to and through the eye. This collection challenges our interest first because the pictures express in a unique and absorbing fashion the life of the artist. Tissot was fifty years of age before he began this work. He had already won recognition, perhaps eminense, as a painter. A Frenchman, he painted life and things from a Frenchman's standpoint. Born a Catholic, his life up to the transition marked by these pictures seems to have been largely secular and his religion largely conventional. When fifty years of age he was at work on a series of fifteen paintings of the Parisian woman. In order to study her as a singer he attended the services in a fashionable church; he went for art reasons, he stayed for religious reasons. The old power of the Church asserted itself. The associations of childhood, which probably had slumbered during his maturer years, were stirred. He saw in a vision the wretches, sitting hopelessly amid the ruins, crying to God in their desolation, and he saw the Christ, thorn crowned and blood stained, creeping toward them, "robed in a glorious mantle, suggestive of the hierarchy of the church." The vision stayed with him. He was prostrated by a fever and then he disappeared; rumor said to a monastery, but really he had gone from Paris to Palestine, there to study at first hand the scenes and scenery that belonged to the New Testament story. After painting the vision that represented the inward voices just alluded to, he applied himself to the working out of this art biography of him of Nazareth. For ten years he worked; it must have been with infinite diligence and perpetual inspiration, else he could not have produced these three hundred and fifty or more careful little canvasses, scrupulous in detail and manifestly honest in their attempt to paint "reality," which he seems anxious to distinguish from "realism" in art. The standpoint of the artist is easily understood. He accepts with undoubting hesitation the record of the landscape and the record of the manuscript. The text was his constant attendant, the starting point which he tried to fit into the landscape and the life he found about him in Palestine.

This gives, of course, the second element of interest in the collection. It is good for us, the untraveled, to see, through the eyes of the artist, those Judean hills, the peasant fisherman, the half Bedouin life of the peasantry, the glory of the shiek and the dazzling splendors of that modern life that lies between the occident and the orient. As studies in the fauna, the flora, the landscape, the architecture, the clothing and the people of the Judea of to-day, these pictures are very interesting. But I fear the artist, who is so afraid of idealization and so distrustful of the artists who have painted that which they have seen and known as surroundings of their Gospel interpretations, has presumed too much upon the stationary character of even Syrian life, for surely even there fashions do change, and the nineteen centuries of industrial progress must have left their impress upon the fabric that enters into the daily dress of the peasants, while the devastation of armies, the denuding hand of thriftless farmers, must have greatly changed the face of the country and left naked and barren great areas that then offered luxuriant shade, beautiful flowers and rippling brooks.

But the charm in these pictures lies deeper than these considerations. It is one more attempt to tell the story that never grows old; it is good to study it from any new angle. There is a delight in finding any fresh representation of that far-off home of the Galilean carpenter; to see the Mother Mary and her beautiful child; to watch the movements of those rustics; to penetrate, however imperfectly, through the crust of convention and routine and try to measure again the vitality of that presence that won fishermen from their nets, stayed the doctors in their disputings, challenged the attention of the scribes, charmed little children, calmed the fretful multitude and soothed even the maniac. It is good to study by any help, aye, through every help, the short but great story of

spiritual triumph and try to feel how peasant simplicity and directness penetrated through urban complacency, disturbed political arrogance and frightened the representatives of imperial Rome. Any one who touches with any originality, the unfailing mark of genius, the life of this Judean prophet, and portrays the development of this master of morals, this shepherd of souls, enlists our sympathy, and, in proportion as he succeeds, places us under an everlasting debt of gratitude to him.

To recapitulate, this collection of Tissot's pictures interests us because it represents a striking transition in the life of a modern artist. It shows us a Catholic returning to his devotions. In the phraseology of the churches it is the outcome of "a converted soul." They interest us because through them we are introduced into the streets of Jerusalem and are permitted to travel among the hills and valleys of Palestine without encountering the expense and inconvenience of a sea voyage. And, lastly, they interest us because they deal with that which is perennially interesting, perpetually vital, continuously potent.

Having thus cheerfully borne my testimony to the pleasure which these pictures have given me and the interest they have awakened, I must with equal sincerity confess that the limitations of these pictures are easily reached and the disappointment is keen. However admirable they may be in technique, whatever fidelity of study, skill of execution and devoutness of spirit they may represent, I cannot regard them but as happy illustrations of a passing book, the costliness of which precludes its becoming the possession of many, and, once owned, will take its place among that class of illustrated books safely kept under glass, lock and key, seldom used, the pictures within vieing with the sumptuous binding, the costly paper and the stately letter text for the admiration of the collector. I realize the presumption in this statement and know well that I speak as a layman and that my judgment should be taken for the very little it is worth. For this reason I should at least try to give my reason for this conclusion.

So far as I understand them, these pictures seem to me to be painted from sight rather than insight. The painter has approached his study from the physical rather than from the psychical standpoint. He has given so much attention to landscape and to drapery that he has lost that light "that never was on sea or land." He has mistaken literalism for reality. In his attempt to make things natural he has put a great amount of sensation into his pictures; in trying to do justice to the story he has overdone it. The text does call John the Baptist "a voice crying in the wilderness," but it is a poor appreciation of John and a sad failure to catch his message that represents him as a wild fanatic robed in a vividly striped garment, standing on a rock with his arms extended high in air, hallooing to the empty hills. Tissot is quite right when he says that the "fancies of painters must pass away; that they have often led the public mind astray." He talks of the "mystic school that abandons the ground of historical and typographical accuracy," and of his determination to "restore to reality its usurped rights." But he made a mistake in thinking that reality could be discovered by observation rather than by reflection. No "serious study" of architecture, clothing, mountain lines or oriental flora can do more than superficially interpret the New Testament story. Indeed, this is surface work. The very attempt at honesty gives us not the drama of the New Testament, but a melodrama ever tending to the farce and the caricature. The abundance of babes Herod found for his slaughtering suggests fertility of the lower criminals that bring forth in litters; and the number of well-fed and modernized pigs that go cheerfully tumbling over the rocks to their drowning, would gladden the heart of an Illinois breeder of pork. The magi, riding their camels, in all the magnificence of oriental kings, have either come but a short way or else they were exempt from the sun, the wind and the dust that give to real pilgrims the travel stain of reality. There is an unnecessary goriness that amounts to ghastliness in the grinning head of John the Baptist and in the over-pierced temples that carry not a crown of thorns, but a closely matted basket of thorns. In the scourgings, as in the most of the pictures of the Passion, the artist not only oversteps the classic bounds of the Greek artist, which never allowed the painful to pass into the horrible, but he has overstepped the bounds of the probable into the realms of the extravagant. Trying to teach the painful lesson of martyrdom he has eliminated dignity, resignation, the composure of a great soul, so that there remains only the sickening, fainting, and tortured body. Judas may have deserved the hanging which this artist has given him, but Saint Veronica's handkerchief might have been stained with a little more of the spiritual sweat of anguish and a little less of that streaming blood, which must have been needed to carry the story to its painful conclusion.

But this serious art blemish, perhaps, is unavoidable by one who undertakes to paint the supernatural. Angels must always remain beatific realities that evade the senses; miracles are always grotesque, and any attempt to paint a miracle is rhetorical and sensational. Whatever truths there may be in the story of the temptation of Jesus, and I find profound truths therein, they are not taught impressively by the picture that hangs him like a Christmas doll in mid air, dangling by the nape of the neck, in the hands of some ghastly Mephistopheles, whose black legs shoot across nearly a quarter of the circle of the sky, and he seems but little less comfortable and no more imposing when he is made to stand on the meager coping of the cornice of the temple. We do not wonder that after these aerial flights there should have come a physical collapse, but pitiable is the suggestion of angel ministrations represented by that chevaux-de-frise of ghastly bluish hands and arms, some thirty or more in number, each supposed to belong to an angel anxious to do him service.

Tissot has been no more successful with his resurrection than other artists have been. There is less and less spiritual suggestion in the sight of a body being shot upward through the air like a shell thrown from a mortar gun. Whither is the body going, anyhow? Where is that altitude reached where gravitation loses its hold on matter and celestial realms defy astronomic laws? Out of some one hundred and ninety pictures devoted to what the artist calls "the Ministry of Christ," some forty-six of them are miracle pictures. In this direction Tissot has been able to make no new contribution. He found here no help in his study of Palestine scenery; indeed, these Syrian studies are a manifest interference. Let Albrecht Dürer put his miracles into his Dutch setting; let the Christian masters break the shock of the preternatural by ample halos and abundant wings, and art will be more submissive to the imagination. One does not want a photograph of the Pool of Siloam if there is to be interjected into it a dismembered hand to disturb the waters. Whenever Tissot undertakes to paint the preternatural no realistic landscape saves it from the grotesque, not even his bluish tints for the angels will make them look familiar or even helpful. Indeed, the more fidelity to the externals the more difficult it is for the judgment to crucify itself to the imagination, to loose itself from the bands of reason and law. A noted English prelate was found weeping as he descended the steps of Gethsemane, and when the cause of his tears was asked he said: "I am heart-broken because I utterly fail to realize that the Lord of heaven

and earth, the Savior of my soul, once walked these steps." The tears testified to the spirituality of the prelate. His soul recoiled from the monstrous anthropomorphism and refused to lend itself to such irreverence as would presume that the Maker of heaven and earth, power beyond all powers, ever stooped to human personality or contracted his potency to a cross-crowned height upon this little planet earth.

Some of you will remember my protest against the wild sensationalism, the extravagant rhetoric of Doré's pictures on the same subject, when they formed the greatest attraction ever offered by the Art Institute to the Chicago public, drawing in a day 16,000 people to see them. Tissot, with more reserve, better taste, in shorter phrases, has tried the same rhetoric. He is immeasurably saner than Doré, but still the pictures leave the same false impression, that the power of the Christ is external, preternatural and physiological, not internal, natural and psychological. The art of Doré was the wild rhetoric of a Talmage; that of Tissot in this direction is the crisp dogmatism of Moody; while I would compare the sweet mildness and the spiritual refinement, still hovering along the line of the supernatural that we find in Hoffman, to the preaching of Channing; and the strong, able, brainy, independent spirit which Munkacsy puts into his "Christ Before Pilate," is of a kind with the directness and power of Theodore Parker.

These pictures of Tissot are another evidence that the spirit cannot be photographed. Even Raphael failed to carry out the complex vision of Ezekiel and do the best he could; he had to simplify to such an extent that it lost its identity. The book of revelation will not lend itself to illustration.

But, happily for us, Tissot is not all external and incidental. The human element found in these pictures is very refreshing. Perhaps the most valuable elements in the collection are the portrait studies of the disciples and friends: The gaunt Judas, the thought-pinched Thomas, the yearning Magdalene, the gruff Peter and the altogether interesting fishermen. The man of Galilee, when he appears, is the least satisfactory of the portraits, because the artist is so dominated by that old art desire to paint the "Man of Sorrows" that he, in common with the rest of the artists, has forgotten to put the light into the eye and strength into the face; he has failed to give us, also, the man of joy, who was good company, whom children loved, around whom peasants gathered, who was the light and life at the social board and at the marriage feast. Tissot has failed to put thought into the face of Jesus and gladness into his movements. Both of these must have been there. The artist who will give us the true death of this, even as other martyrs, will subordinate the horrible to the sublime, the torture to the dignity. The intellectual defect in these pictures gives to Jesus' life the bias of the physical. In his search for the divine personality he has emphasized unduly, as it seems to me, his ministry to the lowest and most transient sufferings of man.

Thirty or more of his pictures are healing pictures. While believing that to him belonged the title of the "good physician" and believing that there was a healing quality in his touch as there is in the touch of every good soul rightly embodied, recognizing that the so-called ills of the body are often rooted in ill-administered wills, I protest against the present tendency shared in by these pictures of Tissot, that implies that sickness is the worst evil of life, or that would make of Jesus a country doctor, dealing his prescriptions to the throng that gathered along the roadside, now curing rheumatism and again epilepsy, now treating the eyes and again insanity. The church of Jesus is something more than a sanitarium, and Christianity ought to be something other than a system of hospitals or an economic method of feeding the hungry. Pain has its mission in the world, and instead of being the servant of either death or the devil, it is an angel of life and progress. Not the miracle of the loaves and fishes, however explained, but the Sermon on the Mount, represents the climax of the Gospel; not the raising of the dead, but the attendance upon him who fell among thieves by the hated Samaritan, represents the highest potency of this message. It was a *message* and not a *method* that Jesus gave to the world, and the message is what I miss from so many of these paintings.

When it comes to such studies as these, for myself I should prefer to show the children the simple but strong and noble woodcuts of Godefroy Durand in his illustrations of Renan's "Life of Jesus" than these overwrought canvasses of Tissot. He also made his studies from life, but he studied to discover the human and the humane elements in the story of Jesus which, as he thinks and as I think, is too much overlaid in the traditions, the art and the thought of the world, by the unnatural Christ, the preternatural Lord from heaven.

But in recognizing the limitations in Tissot's pictures, let me not be unjust and fail to recognize the tender beauty, the winning humanity, the attractive reality that stand out in some of these precious little pictures. How sweet is that picture of mother and child carrying the water jugs from the fountain; how wholesome is the youth with the piece of board upon his shoulder going on willing errands for the admiring father. Over against the strained attempt to paint a barren fig tree stand the two women at the mill, pathetic types of serving womanhood throughout the ages. I recognize the sincerity in bush and stone. I like the deep hunger expressed in the gaily dressed Magdalene's face, as sure a promise of purity as the sorrow expressed in the face of the penitent. There is a tender domesticity in the way the solicitous Joseph seeks a lodging at the inn where "there was no room," and Mary's magnificat, declared in the solitude of a garden, suggests the aching blessedness of motherhood. I am glad of these pictures, not because they have made the Gospel story easy, not because they have explained the inexplicable, but because it is one more testimony to the fascination of the story, one more attempt to explain the power of that beautiful life, one more comment upon the great text which defies all commentaries, whether they be those of the pen or of the brush, because the master was greater than the disciples, the teacher was more profound than the pupils, and the majesty of Jesus will not be explained until there is a soul as majestic to study it. And when that majestic soul appears we may realize then what the ages thus far have failed to adequately realize, that spirituality is not a thing of surprises and spectacles. It is revealed, not in exclamations and highly wrought dramatic situations, but it is the plain, common and mellow beauty that deals with near things as though they were the treasures of the Most High, and lives the life that now is in such a way that winsome children, weary women and perplexed men find rest and shelter and renewal in its benignant presence. Not the wild, outreaching hands and wide-spread arms which appear too often in these pictures, an attitude that indicates only passing and transient emotions of the human soul, represent the burning points in the Gospel story, but the folded arm, the bowed head, the loving smile, the piercing eye and the glad absorption in its tasks that bespeaks a soul dead to self because it is alive to others, a soul that finds heaven here, God within and soul everywhere.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Theologies are well in their place; but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.
MON.—The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows but to be better than yourself.
TUES.—If there is ever a time to be ambitious it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard.
WED.—Never despair, but if you do, work on in despair.
THURS.—The world's mightiest men, the very monarchs of its joy; were those who died deaths daily.
FRI.—Troubles are often the tools by which God fashions us for better things.
SAT.—We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Consolation.

When Molly came home from the party to-night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her blue eyes,
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For someone had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Someone had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl on my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise—
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me:
Just listen and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be,
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not the very best way
To make the world look bright
Is to never mind what people say,
But to do what you think is right."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Don't Reprove at Bedtime.

To send the children happy to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bedtime hour, or fear the dark, or be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ear.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind at some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easily as it does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listeners' pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancies and their imageries will lead her child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

Thus early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or perhaps it would be better to say that they learn to find the truth wrapped in the husk of the story. The same stories, with variations, have in all ages and climes been taught to children, and they have their origin in the needs and the heart of the race. Children thrive on stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature if early fed on these.—Philadelphia Times.

Hard Questions.

State Superintendent of Schools Stetson was visiting a school down in Pembroke, when he got into the pleasant mazes of nature studies, and asked some interesting questions about the little things of the world about us.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. No one knew. "And yet," said the state superintendent, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year and see the fruit every day, probably.

"You must learn to notice the little things in nature. Now perhaps some little boy who has driven the cows to pasture every day this summer can tell me on which jaw the cow has her teeth?"

No answer. Rather was there blank astonishment, at last pierced by one little fellow volunteering the information that "our cow has teeth on both jaws, 'cause she chaws hay all up fine."

"If that is so, my boy," replied the head of the state schools, "I'd advise you to sell that wonderful cow with teeth on both jaws to some museum. I'm afraid, children, that you haven't studied nature quite closely enough."

The talk of the state superintendent deeply impressed the children. They earnestly discussed the matter at recess time, and the teacher the next day overheard this conversation in the playyard:

A little girl got some of her companions around her, and gravely said: "Now, children, make believe that I'm Mr. Stetson. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll all grow up to be fools.

"Now, tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"—Bangor Commercial.

Arthur could not understand grammar, so during recitations sat and stared into vacancy. One day he rallied so far as to make an attempt to correct the sentence: Neither John nor James has eaten their breakfast. "Wrong," said Arthur; "it should be 'neither John nor James has eaten breakfast,' because it is not their breakfast until they have eaten it."

"Now, Mabel, when you say your prayers be sure to ask God to help you not to be a naughty little girl." Mabel promised that she would add this petition to her prayers, so when she had finished her usual form she spoke as follows: "And now, O God, please keep Mabel from being a naughty little girl." There was a pause, then she concluded: "Nevertheless, Thy will, not mine, be done."

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Unitarian.—The American Unitarian Association publishes a monthly bulletin of its work. From the January issue we learn that it sustains three mission stations in the South, viz.: Austin, Texas; Atlanta, Ga., and New Orleans, La. Eight hundred dollars have been appropriated from a special fund to the Tuskegee School, under the lead of Booker T. Washington. Announcement is made of a proposition of a nameless parishioner of Mr. Savage of New York, for the founding of a boys' school under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association. The following new tracts have recently been issued: "The New Inspiration of Religion," by Rev. T. R. Slicer; "Our Mission and Our Missions," by Dr. M. J. Savage; "An Epistle to Unitarians," by Rev. Henry C. D. Long, and "Zeal Without Dogmatism," by Rev. Charles F. St. John. The Universalist property at Amherst was transferred to the Unitarians on condition that the Unitarians pay the debt. L. A. Harvey recently from the Unitarian parish of Des Moines, Ia., is doing successful work at Erie. Rev. W. A. Pratt, recently of Keokuk, Ia., has charge of the Independent Congregational Society at Jamestown. The National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women are helping in the purchase of the Universalist church of Iowa City for the service of the Unitarian movement led by Rev. Elinor Gordon. The Rochester Unitarian church has recently made its pastor, W. C. Gannett, a life members of the American Unitarian Association.

Personal.—Henry D. Lloyd, the man who has consecrated his brains, his wealtn and his leisure to the solving of the ethical problems of trade and the discovery of the iniquitous practices that find shelter and respectability under the name of "business," is traveling in New Zealand. The students of sociology and the believers in economic advancement will await eagerly the report of his visit, for he goes with open eyes to this land of innovation, where already so many reforms have unexpectedly arisen.

Battle Creek, Mich., and the Independent Church of that place have suffered a loss in the death of S. H. Morley, Esq., a pillar, not only in the business, but in the social and religious life of that town. Rev. S. J. Stewart, at the funeral, said he "was a conspicuous type of the old-time gentleman of cultured and courteous manners, but still in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the times and the advanced thought and activity of the age.

Greeley, Colo.—Dear UNITY:—I have just returned from the closing exercises connected with the dedication of the Jewish Temple Emmanuel in Denver Colo., and while it was not so itended, these exercises, in many ways, became a veritable "Liberal Congress." Many ministers from all denominations participated in the platform meeting. The building is a beautiful one, happily situated in the heart of the residence portion of Denver, and is complete in all its appointments. It has been crowded through all the meetings and the patience of the trustees and the dear Rabbi Friedman have been strained many times, almost to breaking, in their attempts to do justice to the crowds that surged within and without the building. At this platform meeting there prevailed the most evident good feeling. Speaker after speaker freely spoke his inmost personal convictions on questions of life, religion and morals, and while widely dissimilar, everything was received with the broadest charity and eagerness. Nothing since the Omaha Congress has afforded me such a delight. Following quickly after these remarkable services came the sad news of the death of Myron Reed, who has for years been a leading figure among the churches of Denver.

The funeral service for Mr. Reed will be participated in by several of the city ministers, from Father O'Ryan of the Catholic Church to Rabbi Friedman of the Jewish Temple.

Very cordially,

FRED E. SMITH.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

The February directors' meeting, held on the second, at the Unitarian rooms, found Rev. A. W. Gould presiding as usual, the others present being Miss Hintermeister, Rev. J. R. Effinger, George M. Kendall and Albert Scheible. The treasurer reported donations of five dollars each from the Rochester Unitarian Sunday School and from the Unitarian Sunday School at Geneseo. It is hoped that other Sunday Schools will be able to remember this society in a similar way during the coming month, so that the publishing work of the society may go on faster than it has done of late.

The president then read a letter from Miss Juniata Stafford, whose changed plans and expected absence from the city made it seem imperative to her that she should resign from the board. All present expressed their regret at the necessity of this action, the more so as Miss Stafford has in past years contributed so much towards the welfare of our society, but on motion of Mr. Effinger it was voted to comply with her request and accept her resignation, hoping that her withdrawal would only be a temporary one.

Mr. Gould also read a letter from Miss Lord, who feared that her enforced irregular attendance would interfere with her continuing as secretary, but on motion the president was asked to write her and urge her to continue in her helpfulness. The president also reported that the annual meeting could probably be held to advantage on May 24, at the Church of the Messiah, whereupon Mr. Effinger, Mr. Scheible and Mr. Gould were appointed as a committee to arrange a program for this meeting. The board then adjourned.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE, Secretary pro tem.

George D. Bromell, Jr.—Many readers of UNITY will join with us in the expression of deep sympathy for our old-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bromell, in the death of their second son, George D. Bromell, Jr., which occurred on the 2nd inst. Mr. Bromell had just stepped across the threshold of promising young manhood, being twenty-eight years old. He was a member of the legal profession and had gained a fair and hopeful start in his chosen work. He was at the time of his death also studying medicine, employing his evenings for that purpose, not with a view to practice, but for the general enlargement of knowledge. Mr. Bromell was of a studious and deeply reflective cast of mind, singularly pure and just in all of his ideals, seeking to be absolutely upright in all his dealings with others, of gentle manners and generous, lovable disposition. His sudden death leaves an irreparable gap in the home graced and uplifted by his presence and in the hearts of his numerous friends. But the inspiration of such a life remains with us always, to comfort and inspire. The funeral was held at the residence last Saturday, conducted by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley.

What is excellent,
As God lives is permanent.

Meeting of the Board of Directors of the Liberal Congress of Religion.

The Board met in executive session in the Pullman Building on Monday, January 23. After lunching together, there being a quorum, Vice-President E. G. Hirsch took the chair. Present: Messrs. Hirsch, White, Stolz, Moses and Jones and Mrs. Crane. After full discussion the following conclusions were arrived at concerning the three points of business previously referred to all the members of the board by letter. Answers more or less definite were received to all the questions in point from all but two of the officers.

1. Change of Name.—While there was clearly a very large majority of the directors in favor of ratifying the informal vote taken at Omaha by the Congress, i. e., to change the name from The Liberal Congress of Religion to The Congress of Religion, in view of the decided opposition of a small minority, it was decided to refer the question to the next meeting of the Congress, a large number of the directors believing that such action ought to be practically unanimous in order to be effective.

2. Place of Meeting.—According to the decided opinion of a majority of the directors as indicated in the letters and after full correspondence on the subject with our Boston co-laborers; on the receipt of a cordial vote of co-operation on the part of the directors of the Free Religious Association, and the appointment by them of a committee to co-operate with a similar local committee, which our board might appoint, it was unanimously voted that the sixth annual meet-

ing should be held in Boston during the month of October. A local committee was appointed to co-operate with the Secretary in preparing the program and carrying the meeting through, the names of which will be announced as soon as their acceptance is received.

3. Aid to UNITY.—The first of the three plans suggested in the circular letter was unanimously adopted, i. e., that $1,200 be appropriated as a subsidy fund to UNITY to be paid as nearly as possible in monthly installments of $100 each, beginning with November, 1898, it being understood that the Unity Publishing Company furnish as many free copies for distribution as the officers of the Congress can profitably use.

The remainder of the session was spent in discussing ways and means of collecting funds; no considerable amount having been received since the Omaha Congress, the secretary has already been compelled to anticipate the revenue of the Congress, which, judging from preceding years, will come late in the year unless the directory takes prompt action. The secretary was instructed to ask the immediate co-operation of the board in this direction.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
General Secretary.

The New York Call for a Conference of Religion.

THE LETTER.

Dear Sir:—The general idea underlying the World's Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago in 1893, was—that unities of thought, feeling, aspiration and ethics exist in widely differing systems of faith; that men can confess their spiritual kinship, and reverence each other's reverence, without closely sharing each other's doctrinal beliefs, and without disloyalty to the truth as they individually see it; and that, while differences in belief are to be frankly declared, the glad recognition of these unities and this kinship is also a part, and an important part, of the higher religion of the world.

Does not this idea make so strongly for practical peace and good-will among men that the several churches ought to take counsel together in order to deepen and widen its influence? If "toleration in religion is the best fruit of the last four centuries," should not the beginning of the twentieth century mark an advance to a still nobler position, that of reciprocation in religion and of interreligious co-operation,—the attitude of men open-minded, spiritual and loving enough to acknowledge that there is truth to be learned from, as well as truth to be offered to, neighbors, and that a great deal of good, now undone in the world, waits for the hour when the Churches shall join hands in a new brotherhood? The immediate organic unity of the Churches is impossible however desirable; but could they not, and, if they can, should they not, set the example of union, of good-will and good deed relations, instead of continuing the long-lasting, historic example of indifference and even hostility one to another?

If our answer to these questions be Yes, then further,—Could not the Churches greatly increase and quicken this spirit of union and good-will by organizing State Conferences of Religion, somewhat on the lines of the World's Parliament at Chicago?

Definitely, but briefly, our suggestion is this:

(1) That a Biennial Conference, continuing three or four days, of all who may care to attend, be held, at which Conference prominent ministers and laymen of various religious bodies within the state of New York be invited to read papers, or lead discussions, on themes of religion and morals and social reform.

(2) That the first of these Conferences be held in 1899.

(3) That the arrangements for it be made by a Committee representing different Churches and different parts of the state.

All the time the separate interests of every denomination are cared for by churches and colleges and missions and conferences, each denomination having its own,—and these things are bound to continue; our suggestion is that, once in two years, the Churches should come together, in the name of the Spirit common to all, to promote together the things that make for the common good. Have we not, at last, reached the point when such meetings would be possible and profitable?

If the standing of those who take part in the first meeting make it impressive, and report of their words echo widely by means of the press, the second meeting would probably attract still greater attention; and, inside of ten years, much practical good might result from these recurrent public object-lessons in religious fellowship. Under their influence local friendships would tend to rise between Churches in the cities and towns, and the friendships to lead to active co-operation: and the example would be apt to be followed in sister states. State limits are suggested for the Conference only because the state is probably the best unit for rooting and spreading the idea.

We send out this letter to learn how the suggestion of "State Conferences of Religion" strikes others; and we shall be grateful if you are willing to tell us what you think of it. The more frankly you express objections to the plan, if you feel any, and the more suggestions you make to better it, in case you approve it, the greater the help.

In view of the approval already secured for this letter, as above shown, the temporary Committee who have thus far conducted the correspondence feel warranted in presenting the whole matter now to a much larger number in the various religious bodies in the state and requesting from them expressions of opinion, favorable or otherwise, concerning it. We shall be greatful, if you will tell us what you think of it. Frankly stated objections if you feel any, will receive cordial and careful consideration; while, if you approve it, any counsel you are willing to offer either in regard to the general plan or—and specially—in regard to the formation of an Executive Committee to carry it into effect in case it seems wise to go on, is earnestly solicited.

Yours, in all respect and good-will,
The Committee of Correspondence,
JAMES M. WHITON,
Staff Editor of the Outook, New York City,
LEIGHTON WILLIAMS,
Pastor Amity Baptist Church, New York City,
R. HEBER NEWTON,
Rector All Souls' Church, New York City.
SAMUEL T. CARTER,
Editor of the Church Union, New York City,
W. C. GANNETT,
Pastor Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.

Please address your answer, as soon as you can conveniently spare time for it, to W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y., who will act for the present as secretary of the Committee.

Among the names approving the above are:

Baptist—
Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York.
Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D., of Buffalo.

Congregational—
Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D. D., of New York.
Rev. S. E. Eastman of Elmira.

Disciples of Christ—
Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D., of New York.
Rev. F. W. Norton of Niagara Falls, president of the New York Christian Missionary Society.

Friends—
Robert I. Murray of New York.
Aaron M. Powell, editor of the Philanthropist, New York.

Jewish—
Rev. G. Gottheil, D. D., of New York.
Rev. Max Landsberg, D. D., of Rochester.

Methodist—
Rev. F. M. North D. D., secretary of the New York City Church Extension Society of the M. E. Church.
Rev. Edmund M. Mills, D. D., of Elmira.

Presbyterian—
Rev Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York.
Rev. Wm. R. Taylor, D. D., of Rochester.

Protestant Episcopal—
Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., of New York.
Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D. D., of New York.

Reformed—
Rev. John K. Allen, D. D., of Tarrytown.
Rev. Joachim Emendorf, D. D., of New York.

Salvation Army and Volunteers of America—
Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker of New York.
Commander and Mrs. Ballington-Booth of New York.

Unitarian—
Rev. Robert Collyer of New York.
Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn.

Universalist—
Rev. C. H. Eaton, D. D., of New York.
Rev. I. M. Atwood, D. D., President of Canton Theological Seminary.
Rev. James R. Day, D. D., President of Syracuse University.
Rev. Robert Ellis Jones, D. D., President of Hobart College, Geneva.
Rev. John C. Lee, D. D., President of St. Lawrence University, Canton.
Rev. Henry M. MacCracken, D. D., Chancellor of New York University, New York.
John G. Schurman, LL. D., President of Cornell University, Ithaca.
Rev. James M. Tayor, D. D., President of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie.
Rev. Augustus H. Strong, D. D., President of Rochester Theological Seminary.
Prof. Wm. N. Clarke, D. D., of Hamilton Theological Seminary.
Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, Ithaca.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Editor-in-Chief of the Outlook, New York.
Marshall H. Bright, Associate Editor of Christian Work, New York.
Rev. Samuel T. Carter, Editor of the Church Union, New York.
Thomas O. Conant, Editor of the Examiner, New York.
Albert Shaw, Ph. D., Editor of the Review of Reviews, New York.
Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D., Editor-in-Chief of the Independent, New York.
Rev. James M. Whiton, Ph. D., Staff Editor of the Outlook, New York.
Rev. Walter Laidlaw, Ph. D., Secretary of the Federation of Church in New York City.
Rev. E. B. Sanford. D. D., Secretary of the Open and Institutional Church League, New York.
Theodore F. Seward, Secretary of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, New York.
Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., President of the League for Social Service, New York.
W. A. Duncan, Ph. D., Syracuse.
Harlan P. French, Albany.
Abram S. Hewitt, New York.
Charlton T. Lewis, New York.
Rossiter W. Raymond, Brooklyn.
Everett P. Wheeler, New York.
Helen Hiscock Backus, Brooklyn.
(Mrs. Truman J. Backus).
Anna Shaw Curtis, West New Brighton.
(Mrs. George William Curtis).
Helen B. Montgomery, Rochester.
(Mrs. William A. Montgomery).

Books Received.

Macmillan Company, New York and London. The Foundations of Zoölogy. By William Keith Brooks, Ph. D., LL. D. 339 pp. $2.50. Published for the Columbia University Press.

Li Livres Du Gouvernement Des Rois. A XIIIth Century French Version of Egidis Colonna's Treatise De Regimine Principum. Now first published from the Kerr MS. 461 pp. $3.00. Published for the Columbia University Press.

PAMPHLETS.

Hampton Negro Conference Number II, July, 1898. Our Nation's Peril. Social Ideals and Social Progress. By Lewis G. Janes. James H. West & Co., Publishers, 79 Milk Street, Boston.

The Library Journal. Official organ of the American Library Association. January, 1899.

To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge or river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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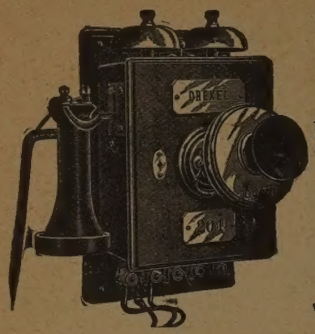

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